THE BRAINS OF THE GREAT FLEET FOR THE PACIFIC

MEN IN COMMAND OF THE BATTLESHIPS

Striking Personalities of Three Rear Admirals and Sixteen Captains to Whom Are Intrusted the Men and Millions Who Represent America's Might on the Ocean.

New York.—With the coming departure of the Atlantic fleet to Pacific waters—waters which may be anything but pacific before the "far-flung battle line" is withdrawn from these seas—considerable interest arises in the personality of the men who are to command the vessels of this vast armada.

Who are they, these sea warriors to whose vigilance and skill will be intrusted the management of the most powerful fleet that was ever gathered under one flag and which is soon to undertake a voyage unparalleled in its character—one that was recently ineptly likened to "Nelson's splendid sweep from Brest to the West Indies and back to the world-shaking day of Trafalgar."

There may be no Trafalgar-like clash of armaments anywhere now impending in the path of this great fleet of warships; yet it is still interesting to recount the records of the flag officers and captains, says a writer in the New York Times.

New Yarn About Evans.

There are now three rear admirals and 16 captains upholding in this fleet the honor of the flag. The ranking officer, Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, is not only the senior in the fleet; he is the senior rear admiral in active service—the officer next in rank to Dewey, admiral of the navy.

The record of Rear Admiral Evans is too well known to require any extended reference in this story of the fleet and commanders.

Many anecdotes have been told of Evans—the man whom Kipling has described in verse as the one who has lived more stories than most other men—himself and Zogbaum included—could invent.

Here is one that has been recalled by an old notebook which the writer kept during the war with Spain, and when his dispatch boat was with the fleet that was then blockading Havana.

Many of the navy men had grown restive under the restraint which had been imposed by an order from Washington, prohibiting the ships from firing at the Havana defenses until first fired upon. This was in the early days of what has since become to be known as the "Christian Endeavor blockade," and to many it was little short of exasperating to remain inactive and to watch passively the construction of line after line of defensive works. But the order to refrain from firing unless the shore batteries took the initiative was imperative, and the navy obeys orders.

It was at this time, when the fleet was chafing most at the inaction imposed, that the battleship Iowa, then under the command of Evans, found one morning a hitherto unknown and as yet unchartered current.

"It was certainly a remarkable current," the Iowa's commander explained a few hours later. "This morning at early daylight, instead of being some three miles out, the dawn showed that we were close inshore and not more than a pistol shot from that new battery that the Spaniards have been emplacing near the Morro. Luckily, all my men are night owls, and they were all awake at the time and were all sitting about their guns—all except those who belonged down below, and these were down in the magazines and hoping that some day the Spaniards would break the monotony by firing.

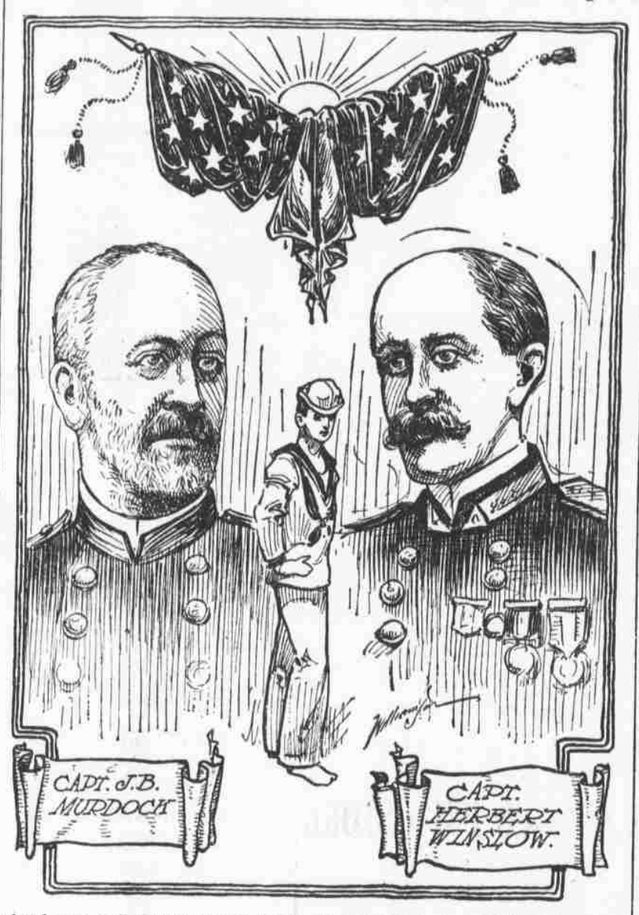
A Straight-Out Diplomacy.

"Well, we were so close in that there was considerable trouble in turning, going ahead on one engine and backing on the other. But at last we got straightened out and both engines were sent ahead at full speed. That might have made it look as though we had suddenly discovered that we were in a bad place and were in a hurry to get out.

"But may I be keelhauled," Evans regretfully added, "if they would fire even then."

Let no one gain from this a wrong impression of the distinguished officer who is to conduct the flower of the American navy from one ocean to another.

Besides being eminent in his profession, he is recognized as a student and an authority on international law, and there are few in the naval service to whom the government would sooner intrust an important matter of diplomacy. But his diplomacy is suggestive of his 13-inch guns, clean-lipped, certain, and direct. He has no subterfuges. What he thinks he says, and what he says all the world may know.



And he has the kindliness which ever goes with strong natures. This had expression in the brief report which he made after the battle of Santiago: "So long as the enemy showed his flag our men fought like American seamen, but after the foe had surrendered they were as gentle as American women."

Rear Admiral William H. Emory, who commands the Fourth division, was born in the District of Columbia, and entered the Naval academy in 1862. He was a member of the Greely relief expedition. Promoted to lieutenant commander in 1887, he was detailed as naval attache at London, and was next assigned to the command of the Petrel. Subsequently he was chief of staff on the flagship Brooklyn, then became a member of the board of inspection and survey, and, after his tour of duty there, was assigned to the Monongahela.

Of the 16 captains in this fleet, perhaps Capt. Richard Wainwright, in command of the battleship Louisiana, is the most widely known. Few need to be reminded that it was this gallant officer who was in command of the little gunboat Gloucester at the time of Cervera's sortie from Santiago, when the Gloucester made a dash for the two Spanish destroyers, and the rest is history.

There is a sentimental reason why Capt. Herbert Winslow, whose pennant flies from the battleship Kearsarge, should be in command of that vessel. Capt Winslow is the nephew of Capt. (afterward rear admiral) Herbert A. Winslow, the officer who commanded the old corvette Kearsarge when she engaged and sunk the confederate cruiser Alabama off Cherbourg in 1864. During the first part of the war with Spain Capt. Winslow was attached to the auxiliary cruiser St. Louis. He was shortly afterward detached and detailed to the command of the Fern, commanding that vessel throughout the rest of the war.

Next in rank to Capt. Winslow, of the Kearsarge, is Capt. Samuel P. Comly, of the Alabama. This officer is also one of the old war veterans, having served throughout the campaign on board the battleship Indiana.

The Minnesota, one of the newest of the big battleships, is commanded by Capt. John Hubbard. This officer is well known to New York's naval militia, he having been attached to the cruiser Yankee which carried the citizen-sailors to the Santiago campaign.

NOT WAR, BUT MASSACRE.

English Sailor Describes Conditions as They Will Be on Sea.

"Naval warfare to-day resolves itself into a problem of mathmatics, and death is gauged by the figures of Euclid and a matter of revolutions to the minute; it is a cultured massacre."

The speaker was Admiral Sir Albert Hastings Markham, K. C. B., of the British royal navy, who arrived in New York recently, en route to Canada on a visit, in the course of a chat at the Metropolitan club. The admiral, who has seen much active service in the British navy and held many important commands in it, besides incidentally accomplishing valuable services in Arctic exploration and writing several books, was asked to give a mental description of life on board a battleship as he knows it during the progress of an actual fight. In view of the great increase in naval strength which is taking place in every nation and the immense warships that are being turned out, Admiral Markham's vivid description of a sea fight gives some idea of what the horrors of the next great naval battle will be like.

"Let us consider ourselves, then, on a first-class battleship as spectators of the next naval fight," began the admiral, "and that the time has arrived to prepare for action.

"Boats are filled with water and surrounded with splinterproof material; or to follow the example of the Japs, they must be thrown overboard. Sacks of coal are placed round the funnel. About the smallest machine guns, unprotected by armor, canvas sheets are hung, and in this way the precise number of men and guns is concealed. Furthermore, the sheets are drenched in alum as a protection against fire. All spare wood has been jettisoned, and fire and collision parties stand to quarters. Watertight doors are closed and at each a man is stationed, and collision matting is prepared—'Upper deck quarters; out collision matting,' would be the order. Steam pumps are also in readiness. Each ship has been marked by a distinctive band of color round her funnel for in the smoke of battle, you know, it is good to know your friends. Gunnery instructions have taken charge of the barbettes, which contain the great 12-inch guns, and the captains of the smaller weapons are at their posts.

"Whether by quickfirer, shell room, or torpedo tube, every man, through months of training, has learned his place. Even the band knows its station—it is to collect the wounded. Guns are loaded and the ammunition hoists seem to be in order; and supplies of drinking water are arranged along each deck.

"The conning tower is the brains of the ship, and the captain's place of action is there. It is the cynosure of the enemy's guns; the post of signal honor and acutest danger. Beneath him is 20,000 tons, mainly steel, and before him is the something he has either to burn, blow up, or sink.

"Sight for 3,000 yards," wings down the tube, and the game of long bowls commences. The two great forward guns roar out a welcome, and the sighting lieutenant bends forward to mark the damage. First shots, however, are a pure speculation, and too high or too low is generally the verdict. But before the ammunition hoists can jerk up more food, the distance has decreased, and 2,500 yards will be the sight. By that time the work is warmer, for some of the smaller guns, the six-inch and 12-pounder quickfirers, are being worked by sweating crews. Already, too, the Via Dolorosa to the cockpit is marked by its significant trail. Ammunition is being flung up 20 rounds at a time to be spent as fast as guns can speak, for to a ship in the midst of the work everything has ceased to exist but the enemy's hull in front of it. By this time small casualties have overtaken the ships. With the best of good fortune she cannot hope to escape being hit somewhere. The mighty, yet delicate mechanism of a battleship is vulnerable at a hundred points. Batteries are working with diminished crews, hydraulic ammunition hoists are smashed, and consequently supply parties are passing up shot by hand, and forward a stoker fire brigade is extinguishing small fires.

"The fleets are now but 500 yards apart, but the best gunners being dead, accuracy of fire will have diminished. Possibly, too, the fighting line will have been replenished by staff additions from stokehold or magazine, for a modern battleship carries no reserve of men. Now, though the range is hazardous, the luck of the torpedo might be attempted by the enemy.

"Rendered desperate, the losing battleship must now resort to its last weapon of offense, the ram. On the first bugle, 'Prepare to ram,' all guns are laid on the bow and made ready to pour a broadside on the opposing ship. Every man not working the quickfirers must protect himself from the enemy's projectiles and take cover. Granting your opponent, however, unimpaired engines, ramming is a consummation infinitely difficult to achieve. Miscalculate your distance by a score of yards, and, missing your mark, your adversary's 40 tons of steel itself must be shoving into you. And, further, as a fact, the torpedo will even prevent navigable ships coming too close together. Nor is it fair to say will many ships surrender. For, though its vitals be torn and bare, only absolute destruction can put all its weapons out of action. Defeat must mean not retreat, but annihilation."

KING'S TASTE IN COLORS.

Edward Tries to Relieve the Gloom of Masculine Dress.

Men's dress has never in recorded sartorial history been so dull and uninteresting as it became during the nineteenth century.

King Edward has made tentative efforts to enlarge masculine freedom in this respect: the soft felt hat, tan boots, evening trousers with a stripe of braid down the sides, and loose dinner jackets all owe their introduction to the royal arbiter of men's fashions; and at the Windsor garden party the color in the king's dress was remarked—a dark but rich blue overcoat, a pink shirt and a heliotrope tie.

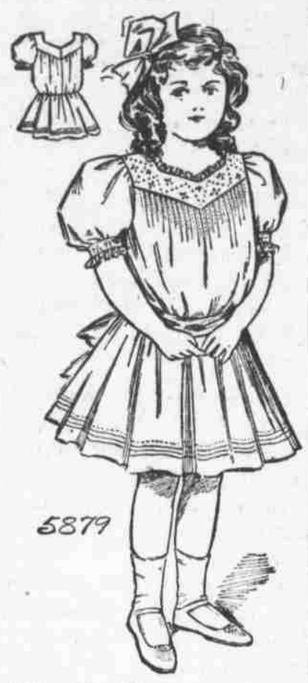
Again, at the last ball given to "meet their majesties" at Devonshire house many of the gentlemen guests were privately requested to appear in knee breeches, by the king's desire.—London News.

For an Aching Head.

Often an aching head may be quickly relieved by bathing the face and back of the neck with perfumed water as hot as you can stand it. Let hot cloths saturated with a strong cologne water be placed to the forehead and back of the ears.

Our Pattern Department

A DAINTY FROCK FOR THE LITTLE MAID.



Pattern No. 5879.—The accompanying illustration reveals an exceedingly becoming little dress, that may be worn over a guimpe or not, just as preferred. Sheer white nainsook was chosen for the development the pointed yoke being made of all-over embriodery. Gathers or tucks may dispose of the fullness in the upper part of the waist, which blouses prettily in front. The full straight skirt is prettily tucked above a deep hem. Lawn, chambray, gingham, China silk and cashmere are all suitable for development. For a child of eight years two and three-quarter yards of 36-inch material will be required. Cut to sizes 6, 7, 8 and 9 years.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

No 5879.
SIZE.....
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

A CUNNING LITTLE ROMPER SUIT.

Pattern No. 5873.—For playtime or morning wear the little romper suits that are now so extensively worn are ideal. Many new designs are constantly being shown, but quite the newest is the little one-piece model here illustrated. Two or three of these little garments would add considerably to the little tot's comfort and would save the dainty white dresses much wear and tear. The mother will find the garment very simple to make and to iron, as the front, back and sleeves are cut all in one piece. Gingham, linen, Holland and denim are all used for the making. For a child of three years two years of 36-inch material will be required. Sizes for 2, 3, 4 and 5 years.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

No 5873.
SIZE.....
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

Not the Right Card.

Bishop Luther Wilson was elected to his new honor at the general conference of the Methodist church, which convened in Los Angeles, and was assigned to Chattanooga as his official residence. He and Mrs. Wilson upon their arrival in the southern city went at once to Lookout Inn.

Mr. John A. Patten, a leading member of the Methodist church of Chattanooga and a member of the body which had elected the young bishop, hastened to call upon him. After going through his pocket in a vain search for a card, Mr. Patten asked at the desk in his peculiarly slow drawl:

"Have you any plain cards?"

"Certainly," answered the clerk, and stepping briskly to the cigar stand he handed the astonished Mr. Patten a deck of playing cards.

"To send to a bishop!"

Formation of Clouds.

The cloud formations known as "mare's tails" and "mackerel sky" are invariably three miles high. The highest clouds are ten miles high and these are composed of minute particles of ice.

DANCE WITH LIVE SNAKES.

An Indian Custom That Is Supposed to Bring Good Crops.

Groups of three are now formed by the snake men, each group consisting of a carrier priest, an attendant and a gatherer, and these wait their turn in front of the kisi, where the snakes are handed to the carrier priest. Soon all the dancers are furnished with reptiles, and, holding the squirming snakes in their teeth, they dance slowly and with closed eyes around the plaza.

The carrier priest is followed by the attendant, who holds a snake whip with which he distracts the snake and so diverts its attention from the man who carries it, and the gatherer is always ready to snatch up the snakes when they are dropped to the ground.

I have often noticed rattlesnakes held closer to the rattles than to the head, so they could easily run their heads into the eyes and hair of the carrier priest. It was nervous work watching them, for it often appeared as if nothing could prevent a fatal strike, but the priests never seemed to be unnerved or disconcerted in the least, and the programme is never changed.

After the plaza has been circled twice with each snake, it is dropped to the ground, the shock of the fall being violent enough usually to cause the rattler to coil and shake its rattles. Then the gatherer, with a few strokes of his feather whip, reduces it to submission, picks it up and hands it to one of the antelope men to hold.

When all the snakes have been danced with, each one receiving the same treatment, the head snake priest strews meal in a circle at one side of the floor, and the snake priests all gather around it. Then at a given signal, all the snakes are thrown within the circle, where they are sprinkled with sacred meal by numbers of Hopi maidens.

Then another signal is given, and the snake priests swoop down, grab up as many snakes as they can carry and rush down the sides of the steep mesa to the plains below to release the snakes in certain sacred places, so that they may carry the prayers from the living to the dead, and the ancestors of the Hopi may intercede for them with the nature gods that there may be plenty of rain and no danger of the crops being destroyed by drought.—The Craftsman.

Eyes Are Hereditary.

The British Association is asking the public to co-operate in hunting down a secret of which some fascinating hints have just been discovered. The difficulty of investigation is no more than noting down the color of the eyes of the family. In the light of science there are only two sorts of eyes—blue and not blue. Hence appears a strange law of heredity. It is asserted that where both parents have blue eyes, all the children have blue eyes; where both parents have brown eyes, all the children have brown eyes; but it is where the parents differ that this alleged law of heredity is most surprising. In this case brown eyes are said to be dominant, and blue eyes recessive, so that the children of mixed parents three of every four will have brown eyes and one blue.

First U. S. Treasurer.

Each of the new $10 treasury notes has a portrait of Michael Hillegas upon it, labeled "First Treasurer of the United States." "This recognition of a man whose personal worth and service to his country have been too long obscured," says a writer, "must be credited to a descendant, the Rev. Michael Lee Minich, a Lutheran pastor, and to Secretaries John Hay and Leslie M. Shaw, who, from the archives of the state and treasury departments, got proof of Hillegas' prior claims to a post hitherto credited either to Robert Morris or Samuel Meredith. Hillegas was a pre-revolutionary Philadelphia sugar refiner, manufacturer of iron and merchant, whose credit was at George Washington's command whenever the great military leader needed funds. He fostered historical research and was a musician of note.

King Edward's Wealth.

While the king of England is granted about $4,000,000 a year by the British parliament in what is termed the civil list, this forms only a fraction of his majesty's real wealth, as the king actually owns property valued at close to $100,000,000. As a matter of fact, the king of England must be considered as wealthier than an American with two hundred millions of money. Moreover, the king has his money all invested in real estate, and owns more real estate than any other single English-speaking individual except perhaps William Waldorf Astor, the elder, who owns blocks and blocks of New York real property, although he has become a naturalized subject of the English monarch.

A Delicate Compliment.

The late President McKinley was one of the most amiable men in the world, and could be equally gallant. On one occasion a very sweet and attractive woman said to him:

"Mr. President, I do wish my husband had such a temper as yours."

"Thank you," he responded, bowing; "but, really, madam, you ask too much."

She didn't quite catch the drift of his reply, and looked it.

"You see," he went on, "two such tempers in the same family would be a prodigality of sweets."

Doubly Sure.

"Smith," said the grocer, severely, "did you charge Mr. Jay for that basket of peaches?"

"Yes, sir," the clerk replied; "I think I did, sir."

"Well, charge him again," said the other. "You can't be too sure of a thing of that kind."

Gave Him the Laugh.

"You no longer call upon Miss Lotta Golde?"

"No. I abominate her. She has such a vulgar laugh.

"I never noticed it."

"You would if you had been around the evening I proposed to her."

PROPRIETARY REMEDIES VS. PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS

Statistics Show, of the Deaths from Misuse of Drugs in Two Years, Only Three Per Cent. Were Due to Patent Medicines, According to Figures Based on Medical Certificates.

The press committee of the Proprietary Association of America will present at the next meeting of that body a report showing the number of accidental deaths caused by patent medicines in the two years ending June 30, 1907, as compared with deaths from other causes.

Almost immediately after the beginning of the latest crusade against proprietary medicines this committee was instructed to collect data. This work was done through the clipping bureaus, which furnished accounts of all deaths, exclusive of suicide, due to the misuse of medicines, drugs or poisons. The result showed that only three per cent. could be traced directly to the products made by the members of the association.

The greatest care is said to have been exercised in tabulating the figures received. Whenever the cause of death was doubtful, special investigation was made, no matter where the case might have occurred. The work of assorting and preparing the record was done in Chicago, and the original clippings and correspondence are in the possession of Ervin F. Kemp, 184 La Salle street, that city, the association's publicity agent. The report says, in part:

"A large number of accidents, resulting fatally or otherwise, were caused by the carelessness of persons who left drugs, medicines or poisons within the reach of children. A large number, also, were caused by persons going to medicine cabinets in the dark and taking down the wrong bottle. In no case reported was any medicine, 'patent' or otherwise, held responsible for injury or death except when left within the reach of children or taken or administered in gross overdose."

The committee says that it is unlikely that any cases of death from the use of patent medicine escaped the newspapers, but that it is probable that death from the causes tabulated did occur without receiving publicity. Physicians, of course, report the causes of death. The committee says that they would be the last to suppress the cause if due to the use of medicine not regularly prescribed.

A recapitulation of the committee's findings show 4,295 cases of poisoning, of which 1,753 were fatal. The greatest number of cases, 1,636, with 803 deaths, is attributed to medicines other than proprietary remedies. There are on the list 90 cases of sickness and 43 deaths due to patent medicines.

Analyzing its statistics, the committee finds 201 cases of sickness, with 143 deaths, due to strychnine tablets, which are among physicians' favorite remedies and are often left within the reach of children.

Under the head of miscellaneous prescriptions are grouped 44 cases where, the report says, it has been impossible after diligent inquiry to ascertain the name or the character of the drug or medicine which caused injury or death, beyond the fact that the medicine or drug was prescribed by a physician. Of these cases 18 were fatal. The committee says:

"Under the head of 'All Patent Medicines' are grouped all those remedies which are recognized as patent medicines and which are advertised direct to the public for internal use. Competent authorities say that at least one-half of the medicines taken in the United States are of this kind known as 'patent medicine,' and yet in two years among 80,000,000 people there have been but ninety cases (forty-three fatal) that have been reported in the newspapers from the use or misuse of these remedies."

Not in a single fully substantiated case is it ever charged that any patent medicine in recommended doses was injurious. In this connection it should be understood that in making death certificates and in reporting cases of injury to the newspapers from which these cases were secured, a physician had the final word, and in this connection is there any probability that the doctor will hide his own carelessness or neglect or that of a fellow practitioner whose support he may want at some time, and is there even a possibility that he might hide any responsibility that could be thrown at a patent medicine? Ask yourself these questions. Then when you have found the answer, consider that during all this most thorough and careful investigation covering a period of two years, in not a single established case was it shown that patent medicine in recommended doses was injurious.

The most remarkable case reported was that of an Italian laborer in New York who suffered from pains in the chest. A physician ordered a porous plaster which the patient ate, with fatal results.

Dugald's Explanation.

Staying at an inn in Scotland a shooting party found their sport much interfered with by rain. Still, wet or fine, the old-fashioned barometer that hung in the hall persistently pointed to "set fair." At length one of the party drew the landlord's attention to the glass, saying: "Don't you think now, Dugald, there's something the matter with your glass?" "No, sir," replied Dugald, with dignity; "she's a gude glass and a powerful glass, but she's no' moved wi' trifles."

Economical Boarders.

"Do you know any Bedouin Arabs, Mr. Slimm?" asked the boarding house lady.

"Why, what are you talking about, madam?"

"Well, I read in the papers, to-day, that the Bedouin Arabs can go a whole day and only want a few dates soaked in melted butter. I thought I'd like to get a few of 'em to board, that's all."—Yonkers Statesman.

How She Did It.

"Mrs. Chauffeurly is always running down people when I go out with her in her auto.

"Doesn't she ever get arrested?"

"No, they can't arrest you for gossiping, can they?"

AN INTERNATIONAL ROMANCE.

Gen. Palmer's Daughter Engaged to English Officer.

Miss Margerie Palmer, youngest daughter of Gen. William J. Palmer, is to wed, says the Denver News. Her engagement to Capt. Wellesley, an officer in King Edward's army, is to be announced formally soon and the wedding will take place at Glen Eyrie in the early fall.

The name of Wellesley stands at the top of the British peerage. It is the family name of the group of Wellington. The late Lord Wellesley was the close adviser of Queen Victoria and commander-in-chef of the British army. His brilliant campaigns in the Crimea rank with the most remarkable achievements in English history.

Gen. Palmer's wealth is estimated variously at from $20,000,000 to $25,000,000.

The traditions of England have been lived up to by Gen. Palmer and his daughters in their seclusion in the general's castle at Glen Eyrie. When they have not lived abroad the family has maintained an exclusiveness on this side of the water that not even the smart set of Colorado Springs are permitted to invade. It is doubtful if half a dozen families in this city can claim intimate social relations with the Palmers. Like their father, the daughters have remained much in seclusion at Glen Eyrie, although figuring prominently in court functions in English society.

Miss Palmer's fiance is coming to this country in a few weeks, it is understood, and the marriage will be quietly solemnized in the Glen Eyrie castle. It will be the most important social function that ever has taken place in smart society of Colorado springs and those who will be privileged to attend are eager in expectation of the event.

Besides Miss Margerie there are two older daughters, Miss Dorothy and Miss Elsie. The devotion of the three sisters to their father has been most marked and was generally commented upon in connection with the reunion of Gen. Palmer's old regiment at Glen Eyrie.

BURRO IS A HERO.

Jumps Into Raging Flood and Saves Children from Death.

This is the story as it was told to a Denver News reporter, with tears in the eyes of the teller. Whether the tears were those of joy, because of the escape of his children, or sorrow because of the ease with which the reporter fell for the story, you can judge for yourself.

It is a story of how a burro, an humble little mountain canary, saved the lives of two children, but caught such a cold in the saving, or was so proud of its achievement, that it died the next day.

The man who owned the burro is Thomas Holland of 2230 Curtis street, and he and his friends vouch for the truth of the story.

Davis and Mary Holland, children of Holland, are visiting friends in Pine, a little village on the South Platte river. With them is Dick, the hero of this romance. Dick is only a burro, but he would undoubtedly get a Carnegie medal if he was alive and could go Carnegieing.

The children are playing on the bank of the river when they slip and fall in. Neither can swim and for a moment a fearful tragedy seems inevitable. But not so. Faithful Dick, the burro, is at hand.

The river is flowing rapidly, and the children are being carried down stream at a swift pace. But Dick is undaunted. He leaps into the flood and wades rapidly out. Seizing little Davis Holland by the seat of the trousers he lifts him so his head is clear of the water. Then, his body sideways to the current he waits till Sister Mary floats down to him. He braces himself for the shock. Sister Mary bumps into him and puts her arms around his neck. Dick wades to shore with his precious burden. Hurrah! Both are saved!

The children are saved, but, alas! what of poor Dick? The heroic animal is taken ill the very next day. The best veterinarians are called in consultation, but nothing can be done for him. He dies, despite the tears of the children and their friends who are gathered at his stall. Then comes the plans for the monument.